10c. A COPY $1 A YEAR

MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature

Published Every 15th of the Month

EMMA GOLDMAN, Publisher, 210 East Thirteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

Entered as second-class matter April 9, 1906, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. II APRIL, 1907 No. 2

TO TRADE

By SIDNEY LANIER.

"O Trade! O Trade! would thou were dead!
The time needs heart—'tis tired of head.

* * * * * * *

Yea, what avail the endless tale
Of gain by cunning and plus by sale?
Look up the land, look down the land,
The poor, the poor, the poor, they stand
Wedged by the pressing of Trade's hand
Against an inward opening door;
That pressure tightens evermore;
They sigh a monstrous, foul-air sigh
For the outside leagues of liberty,
Where Art, sweet lark, translate the sky
Into a heavenly melody."

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

The expressions of sympathy in certain quarters in favor of Free Russia are occasionally rather surprising. Professional politicians, Wall Street gamblers, reverends, penny-a-liners and other pillars of the capitalistic system grace with their presence protest meetings and become enthusiastic over liberty—for Russia. All of them, of course, agree that in this blessed land of ours we are enjoying the very perfection of freedom; indeed, some of the speakers at those meetings assure us that the sole object of the present Russian revolution is to bring about the very conditions for which this country is "so justly famed": liberty of press and speech, and the equal rights of all.

Indeed, Columbia may boast of her freedom! The five-fold judicial murder at Chicago, in 1887; the present conspiracy to hang the leaders of the Western Federation of Miners; the common occurrence of shooting down starving strikers; the police suppression of meetings all over the country; the all-powerful press censorship at Washington; Comstock outrages and the imprisonment of publishers and editors of radical magazines—not to speak of our abject economic slavery—are these not the best proofs of our vaunted freedom!

A characteristic friend of freedom—for Russia—is Mr. S. L. Clemens, whose business it is to supply the nation with humor. We had the opportunity of observing Mr. Clemens at a recent meeting at Carnegie Hall, where the speakers of the evening very forcibly condemned the brutal régime of the Tsar. It was gratifying to see the venerable white head of our humorist nod approval as the speakers characterised the Tsar as an inhuman beast, unfit to live in the twentieth century. A few days later, however, Mr. Clemens participated in the banquet given by the New York Russian Consul in honor of a certain Spiridonovitch—that infamous Panslavist and Jew baiter, sent to America by the Tsar's government to create public sentiment in favor of his autocratic master. Mr. Clemens, the friend of Russian Freedom, and Spiridonovitch, the red-handed arch reactionary, drinking the

health of the Russian Nero—did Mark Twain ever before perpetrate such a capital joke?

One who can write such beautifully anarchistic characterizations of all politics, as Mark Twain did, and then go on the stump for a mayoralty candidate, must be a humorist indeed. We admire such versatility, and we are moved by deepest emotion when we behold a man with a heart spacious enough to take in even the rather respectable proportions of Grover. Familiar as we were with the man's admirable versatility, we were surprised, however, to see our Mark fraternize with the Russian revolutionists and then drink the health of the blood-stained Tsar.

"For ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain, American humor is peculiar."

* * *

The trial of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone has again been postponed. The governmental conspirators are mistaken, however, if they hope thus to lull to sleep the interest of the laboring masses. The latter are aroused; they will not be quieted by the empty assurances of political lackeys, mine owners and corrupt labor leaders.

Those familiar with the case and who remember the tactics followed in the prosecution of Adams—the prologue of this tragedy—realize the terrible significance of the appropriations made by the Idaho Legislature and mine owners for the benefit of the prosecution. The intention, all too apparent, is to hang the defendants: the coal barons do not wish to be disturbed any more in their methods of exploitation; they will not shrink back from murder to attain their ends.

We hope that the laboring masses of this country will not suffer themselves to be misled by "the wise counsel of trusted leaders"—if they would prevent a repetition of the judicial murders of 1887.

It is not sufficient to raise defense funds and attend protest meetings. There is but *one* way to secure justice for Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone—the General Strike. The file and rank of organized labor must take the initiative; let "the leaders" follow. May the success of this weapon in gaining repeated victories for our European brothers prove a salutary lesson for America.

Having swallowed the Beef Trust and sent up the flue the Oil Trust, and after having saved the country from half a dozen other monsters, the White House Don Quixote tightened his armor and was ready to wreck the Railroad Trust.

In vain did his faithful Sancho Panza—Cortelyou—warn and lament; the brave Don Ruzvelt was not to be trifled with. "I must liberate the peepul!" he cried, while the dear peepul awaited the great deed with bathed breath.

But alas! Don Ruzvelt found his windmill. It was a beautiful sunny morning when Sir Pierpont appeared before the Don. What happened history doth not tell. But the Don threw away his lance, and the dear peepul are still awaiting the liberating deed.

* * *

One year ago the radical movement lost a pioneer of freedom—John Most.

His life in America was a tragedy, a continuous battle with the stupidity of the "free" citizens and the brutality of the authorities. Here his path was strewn with far greater obstacles than in Europe. Persecuted though he was in the Old World, he yet found there a far more congenial atmosphere than in this free country: the revolutionary spirit has won recognition in Europe; here it is still to be conquered. There, the soldier of Revolution is looked upon as the representative of a new philosophy of life; though persecuted, he is never treated as a thief or highwayman, as is the case in free America. It is characteristic of the alleged progress of the two most "civilized" countries that Comrade Most suffered the greatest persecution in England and America; in the prisons of the latter he first learned that "there are no political prisoners in a free country"; and he was treated accordingly.

America is the best proof that social tyranny and economic despotism are safest under the mask of political phrases. Never before in all history has a nation been so successfully oppressed and exploited in the very name of liberty, in the name of its own fictitious sovereignty.

How make the blind see? That is the difficult problem that propagandists must face, as did John Most. The

attempt to solve it constitutes the great tragedy in the life of the active revolutionist.

Comrade Most drained the bitter cup to its dregs. Neither persecution nor misunderstanding, however, could break his spirit. He died, as he had lived, carrying the torch of Freedom.

* * *

The thousand flickering torches but dimly lighted the broad Parisian boulevard. Great was the indignation over the unexpected strike of the electrical workers: fashionable Paris longed for the opera; but the temple of art was darkened and in the dim candle-light the cashiers could be seen counting the money to be returned for already purchased tickets. Finding the theatres also deserted, "society" hastened to the fashionable cafés and restaurants. Alas! The usually so gay and brilliant resorts were enveloped in darkness and gloom. Disappointed and desperate, they order their chauffeurs to drive to their clubs. But, oh horrors! Not a single electric light there to gladden their hearts!

Naturally, they raged and fumed. They could not enjoy unilluminated life. Vanity fair needs light, light, light. Living in the seeming, not in the being, they need electric splendors. How dared the proletarians deprive the elect of the brightness of their salons! Have not they —the international *flaneurs* of the Parisian boulevards— been generous to the rabble? Are they not liberal contributors to philanthropic enterprises? Are they not capable of shedding copious tears at witnessing misery—on the stage? Are they not liberal in giving their old clothes to their chambermaids? Is it not heartless, brutal and selfish to deprive them so suddenly of their accustomed pleasures?

Elegant Paris fumed and the parasites of all lands sympathized with them. What! Has the rabble grown so bold as to become more indispensable than machines? Do they dare to play a rôle in the life of the élite?

The anger of the chosen is quite explicable. Today Paris, to-morrow Newport; yesterday the opera, and then the race-track. And all of a sudden the realization is forced upon them that their very life is dependent on the silent consent of the millions. They lounge about in brilliant

salons, made beautiful and light by the work of others; they are dressed in silks woven by strangers' hands; they dine luxuriously on viands furnished by unknown producers. "Money is the minted will of others," said Dostoyevsky, and the proletariat had been guaranteed to have neither.

Had been! In the suddenly darkened salons the rich idlers beheld, perhaps for the first time, the terrible emptiness of their lives, the parasitism of their existence. Perchance the darkness enlightened them.

* * *

Dull is his life; drudgery his fate; a mere beast of burden, with the sentence of Tantalus. Exploited and oppressed, he vainly seeks relief—begging, imploring, praying. His anger, bitterness and hate are growing, accumulating; then, one day the storm breaks forth—and the world is astounded!

Driven to the very verge of starvation, the hungry giant grows desperate. His cry is heard; it vibrates in the craven hearts of his terror-striken tyrants. The elemental storm grows and sweeps through the breadth of the land, tearing away all the dams of our rotten civilization.

The "statesmen" are struck with wonder: they have heard nothing from the peasant during their long "activity" in Parliament; more important affairs were absorbing their attention; the question as to whether the clique of Sturdza or of Jonescu, or of some other political hero, should have charge of the national flesh pots was of paramount importance. Neither they, these wise pilots, nor their imported King, nor his noble consort, the great "poet" Carmen Silva, who sings so beautifully of the "idyllic" life of the Roumanian peasant, had ever given ear to the cries from the depths.

Suddenly comes the awakening. Hurriedly promises are made, obnoxious laws repealed—alas, too late! The peasants will not listen any more, nor—trust. The red cock is let loose; for once the creators destroy.

Taught by the priests to regard the Jews as the source of their misery, the peasants begin the attack on them; quickly, however, they realize their mistake, and their fury is directed towards their real enemies.

"The Anarchists are at work, inciting the people," is the cry of the exploiters. Poor simpletons! The psychology of a popular uprising is to them a book with seven seals.

* * *

Our latest information is to the effect that our old friend, Constantin P. Pobiedonostsev, has happily joined in Hades the large family of the Romanoffs, Plehwes and Trepoffs. The latter were all very much surprised at Constantin's late arrival. He explained, however, that the revolutionists could not be induced to waste their ammunition.

ON THE ROAD

By EMMA GOLDMAN.

THE road, the open road! What grand inspiration it gave the "gray poet," what wonderful vistas it disclosed to him, of space, color, beauty, opportunity, wisdom. "The secret of the making of the best person, the room for a great personal deed, the test of wisdom, the strength that will overwhelm all law and mock all authority." All that, and more, the open road meant to the great American poet, and to all those who, like Whitman, could walk along the open road, strong-limbed, careless, child-like, full of the joy of life, carrying the message of liberty, the gladness of human comradeship.

But what of society's outcasts, the tramps, the homeless, shelterless, worn and weary? Does the road mean to them what it meant to the great Walt? Does it not rather mean to them a desert, cold, dreary, aimless? Hated and feared; everywhere hounded; hungry, wretched, with bleeding feet; walking, walking, walking—can the road inspire them to great deeds and liberating thoughts?!

And the workingman, tramping from town to town in search of a master, can he rejoice in the beauties of the open road? The cries of his starving little ones make him deaf to the music of the birds and the sweet symphony of rustling leaves; not for him the enchanting

beauty of a spring day's birth, nor the color symphony of the setting sun. For him, relief is but within the gloomy walls of factory or mill, and the sweetest music in the whirring wheels.

Or to the immigrant, forced to leave his native soil, the cradle of his youthful dreams, plans and aspirations; in a strange land, dragged along with wife and child—what does the open road mean to him but fear and dread and anxiety.

The English tourist, tall, lean and arrogant; the German with his typical green clothes and cap, and his Gretchen, fat, heavy and dull, the very embodiment of the monarchical three K's—Kirche, Kaiser, Kinder—what do they see in the road? Herded in an excursion party, intent upon the guide who, trumpet and watch in hand, shouts the names of historical places and events—ah, one has but to see them along the country roads, or in New York, Paris and London—worn, dusty, perspiring—the very incarnation of stupidity and boredom. What means the road to them?

And the carrier of a new message, the pioneer of the new thought, the singer of liberty, what does the road mean to him or her? Contumely, slander, hatred, lack of understanding, disappointments, persecution, imprisonment.

These and other thoughts filled my mind as the train rushed along in the darkness of the night.

* * *

Cleveland. The same dark, gloomy, filthy Union Depot, the same terrible contrast between the rich and the poor, as in the days prior to the Single-Tax Mayor's régime. Euclid Avenue with its magnificent mansions and spacious lawns, and the squalid dens where the poor are herded—all just as before.

Our Cleveland groups of young boys have done their utmost within the last few years to spread the ideas of Anarchism. Now they have built up a nice little library of Russian, German, Jewish and English literature. The bright, inviting spot serves as the headquarters for the thinking, groping working people of the neighborhood.

The boys spared no efforts to make the meetings successful; as a result I had large, appreciative audiences.

The most pleasant and interesting surprise in Cleveland proved my host and hostess, a young couple recently transplanted from the revolutionary soil of Russia to a miserable, squalid American cottage. Both fanatical opponents of Anarchism; yet generous, attentive and hospitable to an Anarchist. It is well for humanity that the mainsprings of life are not called into play by mere theories; else my hosts would have erected for me a social-democratic scaffold, as they seriously admitted would be the case when Socialism becomes triumphant: "Anarchistic disturbers of public welfare will have to be strung up."

* * *

Columbus. The capital of Ohio, the seat of the law's lawlessness. The State House, where the strait-jackets for human thought and activity are forged, is indeed an imposing structure. Some day, after it has been cleared of the last vestige of stupidity and crime, the Capitol will serve as a music and lecture hall. At present it harbors too many public thieves to be of any use.

The Johnstown flood or the San Francisco disaster could not have caused greater consternation among the official pillars of society than my arrival here. Orders were issued to every hallkeeper to keep out "the evil spirit." The police and saloon keepers are very closely related; orders were obeyed and the doors closed to us. Having accepted our rent-deposit, the hallkeepers were legally bound to permit the use of their halls; contracts and good faith, however, are of little consequence to "the law-abiding" when free speech is to be strangled.

It is quite astonishing to see intelligent people still cling to the myth of the existence of free speech; experience should have taught them ere this that we have just as much freedom as the club of the average policeman and our own great respect for the latter's authority will permit. Some well-meaning citizens of Columbus called on the Mayor and Chief of Police, naively demanding redress. Alas! These worthies did not even possess the courage of the ordinary thief or burglar. Both assured the citizens that they had nothing whatever to do with stopping my meetings, while their sub-

ordinates went about spreading terror among the hall-keepers.

Police, laws and lawmakers are very costly articles; no wonder that the working people of Columbus have such a starved appearance. I have met men here who work for 5—6 dollars per week—about as much as the Chief spends for his cigars. They are suposed to "live," and support their families on six dollars a week. Yet cleanliness is rather expensive, you know. Where is one to get the means, or even the ambition, to keep clean on six dollars a week?

Rare plants sometimes grow in the poorest soil. Dr. C. S. Carr, of Columbus, is certainly such a plant. He is a spiritualist, I am told. But whether spirits exist or not, the doctor seemed to me a spirit from another world when he called to invite me to his home. Though worn out by persistent reporters and other callers, I could not resist the temptation of that sweet personality, that rose-cheeked youth with the snowy white hair. Sitting in his large, beautiful study, I could readily understand Dr. Carr's philosophy of simplicity.

"Why should people not try to beautify even the least they have? Why should they want that which they do not have?"

"Why not, dear Doctor?! Why should man not aspire to greater heights than those in which unjust and cruel institutions have placed him? The theory of contentment, of a simple life of beauty may be all right for those who have comfort, beauty and sunshine. But how about the people doomed to live on five dollars a week? Cleanliness and beauty are too costly for them. The parks, the libraries? Ah, my dear Doctor, the ragpickers of Columbus find no time to breathe the fresh air in the parks, nor to read books in the libraries. And if they really could enjoy the parks and libraries, could they return contentedly to their squalid, miserable hovels?"

I was glad to be the Doctor's guest; it gave me an opportunity to set the ladies of the house right on "that man Gorki," who, as the outraged mock modesty of the Puritans would have it, forsook his wife and is now living with a Russian Evelyn Nesbit. Such was the opinion of the ladies about that pure, noble woman, Mme. Andreieva. If such views are entertained in a

liberal home about the most beautiful and sacred relation —made sacred by the power of love and not by the ridiculous mumbling of a priest—what can we expect from the average, unthinking person?

I assured the ladies that there can be no comparison between Mme. Andreieva and Evelyn Nesbit Thaw. Not that I condemn the latter: she is the product of a perverted system of morality; the victim of a stupid institution, called education; the dupe of a vicious thing, called religion; the two having degraded woman to a sex commodity. Mme. Andreieva, however, is of a different type. I do not know her personally; but I know that she is one of that great host of Russia's daughters who have freed themselves from the fetters of conventionality and have declared their right to choose the man they love in perfect freedom; to be his companion, his comrade, at home as on the barricades.

Would, to goodness, that America's daughters should follow the example of their Russian sisters! Then, and not till then, will Columbia stand erect and the voice of Liberty be heard even in Columbus, Ohio.

* * *

Toldeo. Happy Golden Rule Jones! It is well that you cannot know that your successor is a gentleman who claims to be a Tolstoyan, a philosophic Anarchist, a friend of Labor—everything, except a lover of free speech.

About to negotiate the strike of the automobile workers of Toledo, this good man was easily frightened by the newspapers: he could not afford to have the terrible doctrine of Communist Anarchism interfere with his negotiations. Poor, poor Labor! I fear me much it has become weak-kneed and bloodless from the sentimental love of its "friends." 'Tis time you'd send those pseudo-friends about their business; walk out in the open, out of the political traps, out of the mayors' offices, out of the halls of legislatures and Congress! Out into the daylight, into the broad, open road of an independent, strong economic self-reliance!

Thanks to the efforts of a few truly big spirits, a meeting was held in Toledo Tuesday, March 12th; the local press conveniently ignored the matter, while the

suppression of the meeting on the preceding day was heralded all over the country.

It was an unusually interesting gathering, that at Zenoba Hall. Workingmen, doctors, lawyers; earnest men and women in all walks of life came to the lecture and I was glad of the opportunity to explain to them the true meaning and object of Anarchism.

The most interesting feature of my Toledo visit, however, was the gathering of a few truly free spirits, exceptionally bright and noble souls, with the fire of their revolutionary forbears still buoyantly coursing in their veins. It was my good fortune to meet Mrs. Kate B. Sherwood, one of America's grandest mothers; a mother not merely because of some physiological process, but rather in that wider sense of broad understanding, of comradeship, of oneness with all that which strives for recognition. And Mrs. Pyle, the daughter of Mrs. Sherwood, and Dr. John Pyle, with their enlightened, broad sense of human fellowship, made my hours passed in that true home of liberty an evergreen memory. Dr. J. Pyle, I understand, was once the Socialistic candidate for Congress. He failed to get elected. Fortunate man! He, man of simplicity and affection, with his large vision of human liberty, would have soon withered in the poisonous atmosphere of politics. And Mrs. Laurie Pyle, my sweet hostess, the true comrade and companion, the Anarchist of the soul, that sheds so much love and beauty over that wonderful home on Ashland Avenue.

The road of the pioneer is sown with misunderstanding, obloquy and hatred, yet so long as there are such homes, so long as such spirits live and work—and no doubt there are others, if one were but fortunate enough to find them—there is satisfaction and joy in the labor of Liberty and Love.

"Allons! After the great companions, and to belong to them!
They, too, are on the road—they are the swift and majestic men—they are the greatest women!"

* * *

Toronto. Queen Victoria stores and Prince of Wales saloons notwithstanding, Toronto could teach our "Republic" salutary lessons in freedom. I addressed here

three meetings, and not a policeman in sight! In Toronto they seem to employ the police at dangerous street crossings, for the protection of children and cripples, while our "finest" are protecting the gambling resorts in Wall Street and suppressing free speech. I suggest that we raise a fund to send our free democratic police to school in Toronto.

* * *

Detroit, you have proven a traitor to the memory of that sweetest lark of liberty—Robert Reitzel—whose influence permeated the entire life of the city. Meetings stopped by the brutal arm of the law.

Where are ye, men and women, that have once worshiped at the shrine of "Der Arme Teufel"? Ye, that have celebrated feasts of song, flowers and wine in the sanctum of the great, inimitable Reitzel? All ye who were lifted out of the mire of money-making and have wandered under the palms with that arch-rebel against all sham, law and hypocrisy; where are ye? The spirit of Reitzel is gone; else Detroit would never submit to the brutal rule of Captain Baker.

Robert Reitzel, arise and sweep the city with your cleansing storms; let us hear again the reverberating thunder of your voice, your protests and your condemnation of all cowardice and slavery.

(To be continued.)

ANENT MY LECTURE TOUR

By the time this issue reaches our subscribers, I shall be in:

Winnipeg, from April 10th to 16th.
Denver, from April 17th to 21st.
Salt Lake City, from April 22d to 23d.
Sacramento, from April 25th to 30th.

On the 30th of April I expect to be in San Francisco. Address: 880 Oak Street.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

COLLEGE EDUCATION

By Victor Robinson.

MANKIND is bewitched with phrases. Take the phrase "law and order"; we are so used to this expression that we say it as naturally as we say "bread and butter." So, if you are dissatisfied with the government under which you live, or refuse to vote to maintain legalized graft, or are desirous of more freedom, or claim the peculiar privilege of publishing certain books not recommended by Anthony Comstock, or if you go still further and say you believe the human race would develop quicker and better were it not governed—in other words, just as soon as you admit you have no faith in law, you are at once branded as an enemy of order, a disturber of the peace, a rioter, a dangerous person. The mere fact that you can point out that often there is law and no order, and, on the other hand, order without law, is of no consequence. The Gibraltar-like phrase scorns all attacks. You may even quote, but without any apparent effect, America's most famous essayist, Emerson. Ralph Waldo Emerson said: "I am glad to see that the terror at disunion and anarchy is disappearing. Massachusetts, in its heroic days, had no government, was an anarchy. Every man stood on his own feet, was his own governor, and there was no breach of peace from Cape Cod to Mount Hoosac."

Another one of the cheerful phrases is "religion and morality," and pious people will tell you that to attack religion is but one step removed from attacking morality, and if you have no religion you can have no morals, and if it wasn't for the Bible, no one would know what morality is, anyhow. The fact that you can point to the disgraceful lives of the beastly popes, quote Scripture that would make a horse blush, and tell them that George Francis Train was imprisoned on the charge of circulating obscene literature, when he published certain passages from the Bible, seems to have no effect.

And still another expression, around which the ivy of superstition has clustered, is "college education." When you hear parents say, "I intend to give my boy an education," you know they really mean, "I intend to send my

son to college"—but don't try to explain that these are two entirely different things; your efforts will be wasted, and when the dear son graduates, he will be fondled by his parents, who will say, "Bless you, my boy, you're educated"—a proposition which he will admit. The fact that you can show that a majority of the big men of the world never went to college, or if they did go, stood at the bottom of the class; the fact that you can point out that neither our greatest modern statesman, Lincoln, nor our greatest poet, Walt Whitman, nor our greatest orator, Ingersoll, nor our greatest inventor, Edison, were college-bred men, goes for naught. We are bewitched with phrases.

Of course, I believe every one who can afford it should receive what is called a college education. The value gained is perhaps worth the four years in time, and the one thousand dollars in money. But I also believe, and believe strongly, that the university is not all it should be; yet on that point we cannot find sufficient ground to attack it—but the fact that it is not all it could be gives us a loophole through which to thrust our lance.

Whenever anything is wrong with an organization or an individual, we are apt to attribute the disease to different causes, and "who shall decide when doctors disagree, and soundest casuists differ, like you and me?" But there is a truth which cannot seriously be denied—that one of the main reasons why the college course is not satisfactory is because it is controlled from top to bottom, from foundation to flag-pole, by its patrons, its rich donors, by men who give millions, so they can control the colleges, and see that no objectionable doctrines are taught there. The influence of these men can distinctly be traced in the kind of presidents and professors our colleges have. Take Francis L. Patton, of Princeton, who recently declared that Herbert Spencer was one of the "world's grandest failures," and wound up his sermon by telling the pupils to "give their hearts to Jesus." To tell you that Spencer was one of the greatest intellects that ever existed, is assuming that the Synthetic Philosophy is to you a blank. If it is true, and I believe it is, that every great institution must have a big man behind it, what do you expect of Patton's Princeton Pootlynautch?

Another of this sort is Henry Mitchell McCracken, the chancellor of the New York University; he would like to have a law passed which would exclude from the colleges all students who could not furnish a Sunday-school certificate vouching for their moral character. You see, this proves the point I made before—the Sunday-school boy is the moral boy, and if you don't go to Sunday-school you can't get the certificate, and so you're not moral. In the superb chapel of the N. Y. U., printed in letters of gold, is this dictum: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Here is a maxim which would be improved vastly, were it changed slightly, to read: "The fear of the Lord is the end of wisdom." And let me tell you, the fear of anything is the end of wisdom. Are you afraid of your instructor? You won't learn. Do you expect the brain to grow, to expand, to blossom, when it is dominated by fear? Fear is a paralyzer. I have been going to schools and academies and colleges as long as I can remember, and I say that that tutor who expects to acquire dignity by browbeating his pupils, who seeks to arouse awe and gain respect by putting on a stern demeanor, who thinks it becomes him to be aloof and unsympathetic, who has a loud mouth and a blustering stride, who thinks he adds to his greatness by treating his scholars rudely, who thus creates an atmosphere of uneasiness and uncertainty—that man, I say, is not worthy of the name of teacher; he should be driven from his position, placed in a kindergarten and taught to repeat over and over again, that only in moments of healthful expectancy and pleasurable animation can we absorb obtruse theories, solve knotty problems and track reason to its lair.

The colleges teach many good and useful subjects—political economy, for instance; but what kind of political economy? There used to be a professor in college who was a Socialist; it was found out that there was a professor in college who was a Socialist, and then there wasn't a professor in college who was a Socialist. In recent years, however, I believe this rule has not been so strictly enforced. Socialism is becoming fashionable—that's why I dropped it. Especially in Germany, those professors who believe in Socialism, but are opposed

to putting it into practice, are allowed to retain their chairs.

The colleges teach science. Good! That's the very best thing they could teach; but it is taught in a sneaky, roundabout way. A student may take a scientific course, learn geology, study the testimony of the rocks, and read the history of the world back for millions of ages, which destroys the Biblical account of the creation of the earth, 4,004 B. C.; he may learn astronomy, and, scanning the heavens, see circling 'round the sun countless worlds, compared to which this earth is but an atom —one would think that the student could no longer credit the Biblical story that God took nearly six days to create this grain upon which we live, and only a part of an afternoon to make the rest of the mighty universe. He may even study the doctrine of evolution, and beginning at the simplest cell, at the lowest form of life, trace the progress of that cell, step by step, prove every conclusion, until he arrives at the highest organism, at the most complex development—man; and this, of course, destroys absolutely the idea of the special creation of Adam and Eve, of the fowls of the air, of the beasts of the field, of the fishes of the sea. Yet, incredible as it may seem, in such a way has all this been taught, and in such a manner has it been drilled, that this same student may still claim that the Mosaic, the Miltonic, the Biblical account of creation does not conflict at all with science, and in some cases he may even descend to the absurd depths of Gladstone, who in his "argument" with Ingersoll actually declared that Moses and Darwin agree.

I will give an instance or two of this roundabout way of teaching. Sir John Lubbock, best known by his worst book, "The Pleasures of Life," says that we should study science, even if it does sometimes destroy an ancient or poetic myth. Then very cautiously he relates an old Hindoo legend which science does away with. He passes quickly on, extremely careful to say nothing of the Christian or Jewish myths which science demolishes. Now, Lubbock is a scientist—he knows "there is not a dogma of Christianity, not a foundation on which that dogma rests" which is not swept away, which is not proved false, by the testimony of the fossils, by the glittering pagan—

named stars, by the facts of evolution, by the origin of species, by biology and philology; but to say so would offend popular opinion, and Lubbock rests content within his shell.

Beginning with the lower grades, we learn history, which is a record of people and events. Well, in this country there was once a man who was the first abolitionist, the first to declare in favor of negro freedom; he was the first man to write an article against cruelty to animals; he was the first to advocate woman's rights; he was the first man to advise us to separate from England and become a free and independent nation; he it was who first wrote the phrase, "The United States of America"; when the colonial troops at Valley Forge were in despair, it was his wonderful pamphlet, beginning with the ringing words, "These are the times that try men's souls," that stirred those soldiers to fever-heat and victory at Trenton; he was the first man to suggest the Declaration of Independence; he was the first to suggest the Constitution under which we live; and yet, you may go to school from the first class to the last, from the lowest grade to the highest, and never once come across that man's name. You may look through the indexes of a hundred text-books on history and never once read that beacon-light—Thomas Paine.

Yet, as I said before, those who can go to college, should; and when the two baleful influences, the rich patron and the theological element, are eliminated, then, indeed, will the value of a college education be great. Even now, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, a stubborn fact, which neither patrons nor professors can beat down, raises its head once in a while. Imperfect, unsatisfactory, and often one-sided as are our institutions of learning, yet upon every school-house I read the story, "I am the enemy of superstition." Yes, go to college. But do a little thinking, a little studying on your own account. It won't hurt the college—it won't hurt you.

LESSONS OF THE THAW CASE

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.

I WAS asked to write on this subject, or I would not have done it. I am so tired of the Thaw case that I no longer read about it in the daily papers. You may say this is due to the fact that there are no salacious details being published. You would be wrong if you said so. At no time have I read the salacious details. The journal I read prides itself on deciding for me what I shall read, and employs an editor to expurgate the accounts which lewd and ribald reporters give of the events of life. It was too late to obtain copies of the unexpurgated journals when I discovered what the purity of my editor had deprived me of. Not that it would have done me any injury if I had read the shocking things which the exigencies of the Thaw case had revealed, for I had heard of such things before, and, besides, like our president, I am so constituted that I can read such matters and remain pure. In this the President and I and a few reporters and editors and scientific persons are alike. It is you—everybody but ourselves—that we are concerned about. I do not know why it is that I and the President and the very few others are immune from impurity in print, while you—the common people—are in danger from it; but so it is.

Come to think that is one lesson of the Thaw case. I am very glad to have thought of it.

If I were asked on my honor, however, what the chief lesson of the case was, I would say, the majesty and the dignity of the law. I have been very much interested in this phase of the affair. I might have said that I derived my lesson from the vindication of the majesty and dignity of the law, but I refrained from doing so because, although a sonorous phrase and one much used, it was not what I meant to say. I hold by my statement on the ground that the law will not be vindicated in this case, whatever happens. Here is something which I think is out of a hymn, but I will not say so with positiveness. The point is that it is suggestive. This is it: "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform."

In so far God and the law may be said to be alike. Turning aside from the Thaw case for a moment I would ask your attention to the operation of the law in two other cases: A young man in the upper part of New York State became enamored of the legal wife of another man and wished to obtain money with which to pay the expense of entertaining her in illicit separation from her husband. No better way suggesting itself to him, he decided to wreck a Pullman train so that he might obtain from the persons of the men and women thereby killed the funds requisite for his purpose. Happily for the men and women who were to have served him in this involuntary way, he failed to accomplish the deed. He was found guilty and sentenced to six years and six months. Another man, with less imagination, and perhaps reprehensible for that reason, burglarized the house of the president of a Democratic club. He received nine years and six months for his sentence.

Of course there are comments to be made on these two cases, but I am not engaged to insult your intelligence. I would have kept the salacious details out of the newspapers—after reading them carefully myself—but that would have been to protect your purity—the purity of men in particular. In this I realize that I am different from many clergymen throughout the country, who made a mighty protest against the suppression of the details in question. But I would not insult your intelligence.

Returning to the Thaw case, chastened it may be by the thought of the two cases already cited, let us consider the circumstances and find, if we can, wherein lie the majesty and the dignity of the law. By the law which is written, the woman, Evelyn, belonged to the man, Harry. By the law which is said to be unwritten, the man, Harry, was bound to kill the man who had done harm to his property. It is true that by the law which is written as well as by that which is said to be unwritten, the harm to the said man, Harry, his property, was made good and as if it had never happened—to wit, the room of mirrors and all that appertained thereto; which may not be very good English, but has a legal sound and rather more sense than is usual under such circumstances. Of course we don't know that the room

of mirrors and the episode thereunto appertaining had any existence in fact, for the majesty and the dignity of the law do not permit that the said Evelyn's story shall be contradicted or brought in question, but only that the said Evelyn should be morally undressed for the edification of the—shall I say?—salacious public. And to that end our district attorney, with an exquisite skill, not to speak of a glaring eye and a raucous voice, considers the majesty and the dignity of the law by exposing the said Evelyn in moral nudity, while at the same time tenderly concealing from the view of an eager and—may I say?—salacious public, the names of the men—respectable men, I should have said—who were the participants in the episodes so damaging to the said Evelyn.

I do not say that the names of the said Evelyn's male companions should have been made public, but when I consider the pains that the law was at to entertain us, I do wonder that we were not told outright who the said men were; especially as the said men are well-known by name at every club in the city and at every gathering where our "upper" classes are to be found; and by reason thereof are lionized.

As has been said, the story of the room of mirrors may be untrue, but it will stand as true because the dignity and the majesty of the law demanded that its truth should not be questioned. And there is another reason why it will stand as true; which is not a lesson of the Thaw case, but of civilization: Men do the things that Evelyn told of, and worse. They do them constantly; they have done them in all the days that women have been forced to traffic in their bodies; nor does it matter, as to that, whether the woman wins the empty prize of a man's name, or the full one of a bank account; it is still the story of the room of mirrors. Only when the woman takes the man's name as her price, she gives a guarantee of silence, and the man is not indictable under either written or unwritten law. And I think that this is why the silent women of the land take such an interest in the salacious details. And why men chuckle as they read—in the privacy of the street car. And why the un-silent women are mostly indignant against the said Evelyn, saying: She won out all right, didn't she? She bears a man's name, doesn't she? What if—

But there! no salacious details, if you please! It is an odd circumstance though, that the chorus girls are mostly against the said Evelyn, indignant with her. Some of them say she's a "squealer," whatever that may be; others that she is a plain liar. As to that, the dignity and the majesty of the law will not permit me to know.

Over in England a poor man killed a rich one—a certain Mr. Whiteley. The English are rejoicing that the dignity and the majesty of the law mean something over there, because the poor man was put through to his destination on the Legal Limited. Why, we can hurry a poor man along the legal road as swiftly as the English can. But Harry Thaw is rich. That is another lesson of the Thaw case. But of course we learned that lesson long ago.

Don't think I am yearning to have Harry Thaw disposed of quickly. No, no! I am not concerned about the majesty and the dignity of the law. If I had my way about it, I would take the three or four hundred thousand dollars known to have been spent in quarrelling over the poor wretch, and would spend it in ascertaining why Evelyn did what she did, why Harry Thaw did what he did, why the dead man did what it is said he did, and which, if he didn't do it, other men are doing the very instant I write, the very instant you read. Of course I know very well that I would not be permitted to publish the results of my ascertainment unless the miracle of free speech were to happen in the meantime; for I know I should have to explain in full why men are sex wolves and women sex lambs. Moreover, I should have to lift the cover off the hypocrisy of society in matters of sex. And the majesty and the dignity of the law would try to vindicate themselves at my expense; although in the end it would still be poor, old hypocritical society that would pay the whole cost. The majesty and the dignity of the law are very much concerned in punishment for crimes which have been made by law.

To an unprejudiced observer it would seem as if a difficult and complex game were being played; and as if the players, like good sportsmen, were playing it for the joy of the game and without much regard to the worthless prize of a man's life; for, mind you! the man says he is guilty. I don't want him killed. I think mur-

der, whether legal or otherwise, is foolish. Not that my opinion counts for anything; and I give it only because it eases my mind to do so. But the law does say distinctly that if you kill a man under given conditions, you shall suffer accordingly. And there is no contention that the young man in the Tombs did not kill Stanford White. Why doesn't the law operate? Why do some men who are not guilty of murder—as charged—go to the scaffold, while others, confessedly or admittedly guilty, go free? A governor of Illinois once told of some men in Chicago who had been hung though innocent and who had not had a fair trial. Recently some men in Virginia, who frankly admitted killing a man because he no longer loved their sister, were set free with loud acclaim. It has been said that those men, if in New York, would have been convicted. `Perhaps. I do not know how rich they are. But at any rate the law in Virginia is practically the same as here. Why were they not convicted there? Why were the Chicago men executed though innocent? Can it possibly be that the dignity and the majesty of the law is but a pretty phrase, and that judgment is pronounced outside of court first and only echoed in there? I make this question because I have heard and read complaints that the Thaw case is being tried outside of court by yellow journals. I suppose it is difficult for a jury to decide against the sentiment of the community it is drawn from.

Would it not be an odd thing if some day we were to accept the judgment of James C. Carter, once leader of the New York bar, that a law not in harmony with public opinion was unenforceable, while a law in harmony with public opinion was unnecessary? Upon my word! that sounds like anarchy. It is pretty much like saying that we could get along without law. Without law! Am I crazy? What would we do with our Harry Thaws if we had no law? See answer in a paragraph all by itself!

There would be no Harry Thaws.

That word crazy up there reminds me of the insanity experts. I shall not lay myself liable in a suit for libel by saying what I think of them, but I would like to know what they think of themselves. If you can get one set of scientific gentlemen to solemnly swear that the Earth

is square, and another set—both sets being paid, of course—to swear that it is conical, what in the world is a poor, ignorant layman to do when he wants to know whether or not it is true that the Earth is an oblate spheroid? Or if I say we really might be happy if we had no laws, and somebody says I'm a lunatic, can I prove I am not by engaging an expert authority to say so? Or will it be taken as a proof of my insanity if I pay an authority to say that I am not crazy in declaring that we can do without authority?

❧ ❧ ❧

IDEAS AND THEIR TRANSVALUATION

FROM "THE DAWN OF DAY," BY FR. NIETZSCHE.

There is a time for everything.—When man assigned a gender to all things, he did not think that he was playing, but fancied that he had gained a deep insight. But at a late period, and even then only partially, he was led to admit the enormous extent of that mistake. In the same way man has connected all things in existence with morals, and dressed up the world in a garb of ethical significance. The day will come when all this will be as utterly valueless as is already in our days the belief in the masculinity or femininity of the sun.

The new education of mankind.—All ye who are helpful and well intentioned, lend ye a helping hand in this one endeavor of removing from the world the idea of punishment which has overspread the whole world! No weed more noxious than this! Not only has that idea been applied to the consequences of our actions,—and how terrible and irrational it is to mistake cause and effect for cause and punishment!—but worse than this, by means of this infamous interpretation of the primitive idea, they have robbed the pure accidentality of events of its innocence. Nay, they have gone so far in their folly as to ask us to feel our very existence as a punishment. Surely the education of mankind, thus far, must have been in the hands of fantastic gaolers and hangmen.

Morality and obscurantism.—Custom represents the experiences of people of former ages in matters considered

useful or detrimental; but the sense for custom (morality) has no reference to these experiences as such, but rather to the age, the sanctity and indisputable authority of custom. Hence this sentiment is opposed to our gaining new experiences and amending customs, *i. e.*, morality is opposed to the formation of new and better morals: it renders people stupid.

Free-doers and free-thinkers.—Free-doers are at a disadvantage as compared with free-thinkers, because mankind suffers more manifestly from the consequences of actions than of ideas. Yet if we consider that both eagerly seek satisfaction, and that the very contemplation and utterance of forbidden things afford this satisfaction to free-thinkers, in regard to motives, there is no difference; as regards consequences, however, the case—unless we judge like the world generally, from mere outside appearances—will go very much against the free-thinker. We have to make good a great deal of the contumely which has fallen on all those who, by their actions, have broken through the conventionality of some custom—such people generally have been called criminals. Everybody who overthrew the existing moral law has hitherto, at least in the beginning, been considered a wicked man; but when afterwards, as sometimes happened, the old law could not be re-established and had to be abandoned, the epithet was gradually changed. History almost exclusively treats of such wicked men who, in the course of time, have been declared good men.

The honesty of God.—A God who is omniscient and omnipotent, and who does not even provide that His intentions be understood by His creatures—could that be a God of goodness? He who, for thousands of years, has allowed the countless doubts and scruples to continue, as if they were necessary for the salvation of mankind, and who, nevertheless, holds out prospects of terrible consequences to follow a violation of truth? Would He not be a cruel God, if He had the truth and yet could quietly look down upon mankind, miserably worrying itself for the sake of truth? But perhaps He yet is a God of goodness—and He was only unable to express Himself more distinctly. Perhaps He was wanting in intelligence? Or in eloquence? So much the worse! For, in that case,

He may perhaps have mistaken that which He calls His truth, and Himself is not quite a stranger to the "poor, duped devil." Must He not suffer intense agonies on seeing His creatures, for the sake of the knowledge of Himself, suffer so much and even more pain through all eternity, without beeing able to advise and help them, except as a deaf-and-dumb, who makes all sorts of ambiguous signs when the most terrible danger hangs over his child or his dog? A believer who thus argues and thus feels oppressed, ought really to be forgiven for being more inclined to pity with the suffering God than with his "neighbors"; for they are no longer his neighbors if that most isolated, most primeval being be also the greatest sufferer and more than any in need of comfort. All religions bear traces of the fact that they owe their origin to an early immature intellectuality of men—they all make very light of the obligation to speak the truth: they know nothing of a duty of God to be truthful and clear in his communications to mankind. Nobody has been more eloquent than Pascal as regards the "hidden God" and the reasons of His thus hiding Himself; which proves that he, Pascal, could never compose his mind on this head; but his voice sounds as confident as if he had, some time or other, sat behind the curtain. He scented immorality in the *"deus absconditus,"* and felt both ashamed and afraid of admitting this to himself: hence, like one who is afraid, he spoke as loudly as he could.

Transformation of morals.—There is a constant mending and molding going on in morals—the result of successful crimes (to which, for instance, belong all innovations in moral thinking).

Waking from a dream.—Noble and wise people once believed in the music of the spheres: noble and wise people still believe in the "moral significance of existence." But one day even this music of the spheres will cease to be audible to the ears! They will awake and perceive that their ears had been dreaming.

Punishment.—A strange thing, our punishment! It does not clear the character of the criminal, it is no expiation: on the contrary, it is more defiling than the very crime.

Aristotle and matrimony.—Among the children of master minds insanity breaks forth; among those of the virtuous, stupidity—observes Aristotle. Did he, in so saying, mean to invite the exceptional characters to matrimony?

Consider!—He who is being punished is no longer the same who has done the deed. He is always the scapegoat.

Beware of systematists.—We sometimes meet a certain amount of false pretence in systematists: in trying to complete a system and round off its horizon, they have to endeavor to make their weaker qualities appear in the light of their stronger ones. They wish to personate complete and uniformly strong characters.

* * *

APHORISMS

By J. M. GOTTESMAN.

When man is in the critical moments of his life, no longer he is guided by the mind which can only show him the alternatives. The physical directions his heart gives him.

Because it was impossible to modify men after the precepts of theological morality, the meaning of the precepts has been modified after man.

How rich is the literature of ideas and how poor the history of facts! Ideal history might have been the history of the unhappened.

Who has a vocation? The one that in the moment of his work forgets about himself.

Just as the rivers run into the oceans, just so does life run into death; and so also what is individualistic in the chaos of nature.

Beware of the second day after your success!

AMONG THE ASHES

By Geo. E. Bowen.

HEARS "CAT"; FINDS A BABY.

Michael Carroll, 1142 North Halsted Street, Discovers Infant in Rear Yard.

On investigation what he believed to be the crying of a cat, Michael Carroll, 1142 North Halsted Street, last night found a newly-born baby girl in his rear yard, wrapped in a newspaper. The police placed the child in St. Vincent's asylum.

—*Chicago Tribune,* March 8, 1907.

This is a complete story of the present state of modern society, told in six lines.

So, by its smug and sanctimonious sermons of morality, the newspaper, instead of saving a soul for heaven and a beautiful human body for the service and possession of earthly joy, has actually become the wretched sign of a mother's shame, and might have been intended as a shroud for the saddest sin of society.

The editorial page of the newspaper was probably dark with vengeance for those "outlaws" opposing divorce; fierce with rage against the "destroyers of society" who dare expose the dual privileges of the masculine side of holy matrimony; vehement in denunciation of all rational efforts to dignify race culture without the indelicate and officious dictation of the law and the pious commands of the pulpit; horrified by any "obscene" suggestions for the open and intelligent study of sex-science, and brutally intolerant of the rights (or even the wrongs) of motherhood without the sanction of the Church and of the State.

Obviously a society, faithfully represented by such a press, is consistently and conveniently supplied with

asylums for the uninvited waifs of its incongruous and irresponsible system.

Poor little outcasts of love or crime! Their cry is so common that it is mistaken for the yowling of alley-cats, and the mockery of fate clothes them with copies of the daily paper that preaches big families, big sticks, and big morality.

One wintry night, in a dark and dingy back yard, dressed only in the secure comfort of an orthodox newspaper, we find the hypocritical sum total of social progress. A human sacrifice to the fearful gods of bigoted public opinion. Civilization briefly and brutally epitomized.

We can not read the antecedents of this little life—whether its destiny was molded in a palace or in a hovel. But we stand self-condemned and self-confessed before this accusing atrocity of a Christian community.

Who was my sister's keeper? A scion of swelldom or a brute of the back district? There is no difference. They believed in a common shame and forced it upon their unfortunate victim.

Was she a superficial drawing-room ornament, an unsophisticated shop-girl, or their more popular sister of the red-light region—graduate of either extreme? We shall not know, nor does it matter.

Only the child is in question—and the *cause* of its uncredentialed and most unhappy advent.

Mother-love, the strongest, bravest, tenderest human force, the most persistent human passion, could not willingly fling its wailing and blanketless first-born over among the ash-barrels and snow-drifts of a strange back-yard on a wintry night—not even with newspaper protection.

Doctors of social diseases will rise to explain. Sit down, good sirs! Explanations do not explain. The child is here—naked and alone. The society that sacrificed him must save him—also itself.

What will you do with his future, or hers?

The bastard brand is set against *his* progress. Or *she* is scarred with hopeless shame.

Whose is the fault?

Yet your churches open gladly to the bank-thief, the millionaire murderer, the political traitor and to the

sleek seducers of the serving class, whose gifts are potent to please the gods with incense and sweet songs of purity.

What shall be done with human impulse, with sex-starvings, with the unfilled yearnings of the mother-heart?

There can not always be wars to divert or consume the higher passions of men. Nor can the struggles of servitude or the unproductive strainings and strivings of high life stifle the unbidden, irrepressible and mysterious forces that pray for motherhood.

The potential power of sex survives all your laws.

If you can not provide an adequate and friendly economic system to support natural life, what sane excuse has the vigilant authority of your social system for its positive prohibition of human desire or human expression?

Shall your administrators insolently continue to give us rules instead of reasons?

You have sent your science a-wandering among the distant stars. Yet *here,* beneath your contemptuous feet, wrapped in one of your smart, pretentious newspapers, is all of *life* that should first concern us—crying for recognition, food and opportunity.

And you have disowned it, cursed it, cast it into the ashes—a helpless, reproachful part of your own dishonest life.

Is this cowardice or cruelty, or a mere merciless trick of your cheap conventionality?

God help you when fortune turns, when your heart-broken appeals learn the mockery of your own laws, when shame or starvation have seized your loved ones and driven them to monstrous, inhuman crimes.

Folded in every daily newspaper in the land is a deserted child, a betrayed mother, a social scandal of "the 400," or a pitiful sex-tragedy of the slums.

Courts and churches do not cure this condition. Laws and leagues, missions and missionaries—they are always in time to find the crying child, to clothe it with charity and christen it with disgrace.

And they call this *social progress.*

Described in six lines.

BOMBS

(A Tale à la Talmud.)

From the Yiddish of "Motele" in the "Fraind."

Pavlograd. December 29th, 1906.—The Governor-General has issued an edict to the effect that the owners of houses and their tenants in whose apartments bombs or explosive materials are discovered, will be handed over to the Court Martial, etc. (From the latest telegrams.)

. . And in these days of terror, the owners of houses went about like shadows. Every five minutes they climbed into the attic, descended into the cellar, peeped behind the woodstack and into the stable, and paid surprise visits to their tenants. They were looking for bombs, and their wives and families helped in the search. The elder sons and daughters who were in the habit of attending lectures at the University, were bound with cords lest they should go and bring home bombs. The unfortunate householders ate, drank and slept as they walked, their wives nursed their babies whilst walking, and even peaceful wedding ceremonies brought no repose. The tenants were continually being aroused from sleep, so that at last they gave up going to bed at all, knowing that any moment somebody might come in to look for bombs. Want of sleep made them more and more nervous; they began to quarrel with their wives and even to beat them, and never had divorces been so frequent as in those dreadful days. Children were known to search their parents, and parents their children. People even looked for bombs in the cauldron where the soup was boiling. The householders were all the while tearing up the floors and hacking at their own and their neighbors' walls, so that there were not enough masons and carpenters to do the repairs. Many householders went mad from being in a continual state of apprehension, and their madness was a very dreadful one; they took every little round thing for a bomb and stamped furiously on oranges and pumpkins. Presently there was no room left in the hospitals and asylums, and the mad householders ran yelling about the streets and threw

themselves upon the passers-by. Then the Governor-General issued another edict to the effect that any householder who went mad should be fined 3,000 roubles or go to prison for three months. This only made things worse. The Treasury could not swallow the 3,000 rouble fines fast enough, and became so amazingly rich that it was able to lay before a Berlin banker a proposal for a new loan under very easy conditions.

The prisons were packed so full that in order to make room for the new comers they had to set free the innocent people imprisoned previously for months by mere administrative orders.

At length the houses fell to pieces and would have been sold for an old song, only no one had the heart to sing, so they remained empty. There was no building done; the brick kilns were closed and thousands of starving workmen roamed the streets. After a while they were marched away into the villages with the etape. But there was famine in the villages too, and the arrival of fresh mouths only aggravated the distress. Then the Government made a new contract with the fraudulent Lidwall firm, for supplies on a larger scale than even before.

And still people went on throwing bombs which exploded, and the owners of the houses where they were found were tried by court martial. And they went on hanging them in such numbers that finally the supply of gallows ran short. So whole woods were cut down and there was a scarcity of fuel. People were found frozen to death and were buried in a common grave, and the end of it was that many towns were made as desolate as the wilderness, and the Governors-General had finally to resign their posts, simply because there was no one left to be governed by edicts or to be handed over to the courts martial. . . .

SOCIALISM AND THE CONCENTRATION OF CAPITAL

BY H. KELLY.

SOCIAL-DEMOCRATS resemble Christian Scientists in more ways than one, but their greatest similarity is in the "faith" cure they advocate. Society is pictured as a pyramid in course of construction. During the time when the individual owned his tools, and before the advent of the modern factory system, capital or wealth was distributed among a larger number of people; gradually capital began to combine, the individual workman and small capitalist were swept into the factory as employees. Increasing like a snow-ball rolled in the snow, this juggernaut crushed its victims wholesale, and the process of concentration of capital proceeded apace. The rich get richer, the poor get poorer, the middle man is crushed out. The process of absorption goes rapidly on, the number of capitalists decreases each year; the pyramid approaches completion; a hundred years from now one hundred families will own 90 or 99 per cent. of the wealth; twenty-five years more and the number will be reduced to seventy-five; fifty years, fifty families; seventy-five years, twenty-five families; two hundred years—at last we reach the apex: the pyramid is complete, Marx is vindicated; one man owns all the wealth, and then—ah, then a metamorphosis takes place; Congress, the representatives of this slavish people who have submitted to such bondage all these generations, awaken, the giant stretches his limbs, growls and puts Mr. Rockefeller-Gould in an insane asylum, or shoveling coal, and calmly expropriates him for the benefit of the whole people. No revolution, no bloodshed, no strikes, no disturbances; it's all done according to science, and science—Karl Marx—ordained it and it had to be.

When Karl Marx wrote his "Capital" he was living in England—at that time the great commercial nation—and it was from England's development that he drew his conclusions and formed his prophecy.

Tcherkesov in his "Pages of Socialist History" has shown, by figures beyond dispute, that the middle class has grown enormously since Marx's time. I refrain from quoting in order to stimulate reading on this subject.* Tcherkesov covers the subject clearly and comprehensively, and if my readers are searchers for truth and wish to inform themselves on this subject, Tcherkesov's booklet will enlighten them as to the utter fallacy of this so-called concentration theory.

"But surely in this country things are different," you will say. "Can you not see the giant trusts crushing out the small capitalists, and have we not reached the stage where we have a billionaire?" I have mentioned before that the Social-Democrats claim that capital is concentrating into fewer and fewer hands, crushing the middle man or small capitalist out of the ranks of the well-to-do and into those of the working class; and that, further, this process of concentration and elimination is going on at such a rate that in a hundred years one hundred families will own 90 or 99 per cent. of the wealth of the country. In this connection there are several very interesting facts that have come to my notice lately.

In "The Worker," February 9, 1907, Mr. W. J. Ghent has an article taken from "The Independent," entitled "The Census and the Socialists," in which he tries to show how rapidly capital is concentrating; and this is how he does it: "The organization of large establishments," says the Census Bulletin, "either by new construction or by bringing independent manufacturing enterprises under the same ownership, has been one of the conspicuous features in connection with the manufacturing industries of the country."

From Mr. Ghent's approving smile one would think that each and every one of these small capitalists handed over his business to a larger one and retired penniless, swallowed up in accordance with Marx's concentration theory. What really happened was that the small capitalist amalgamated, formed a joint stock company to easier fleece the public, and when the worst comes

---

* "Pages of Socialist History," by W. Tcherkesov, translated by Voltairine de Cleyre.

to the worst, he goes bankrupt, pays fifty cents (or less) on the dollar and starts a new business in his wife's name. The small capitalist never *ceased to be a capitalist*, and plundered the public just as much, holding ten per cent. of the shares in a hundred-thousand-dollar company, as he did when he ran a ten-thousand-dollar business himself. He may have occupied a subordinate position, perhaps he was even a salaried man, but an exploiter of labor he remained. Mr. Ghent further says that this Census Bulletin (that of 1905) shows an increase of but 16 per cent. of wage earners—workingmen, in the manufacturing industry and 42.7 per cent. increase in the salaried officials, clerks, etc.—the middle class. Please remember, this distinction of classes is Mr. Ghent's. He says that workers are always paid *wages*, while the middle class receives *salaries*. It is well known that those engaged in commercial occupations, such as managers, salesmen, clerks, etc., the boiled-shirt element, consider themselves a class apart and always represent the "safe and sane" interests. They are usually well paid and thoroughly imbued with the sacred rights of property, and their increase is ominous. It shows a development of machinery, it is true, but it also shows an increasing number of capitalistic defenders, and proves that the cheap labor of our country and of our "Colonial Possessions" is working harder than ever to require this extra 42.7 per cent. distributors of commodities.

On January 20, 1907, Prof. Schurman, of Cornell University, and Mr. Morris Hillquit had a debate at the New Rochelle Forum on Individualism vs. Socialism—Social-Democracy. The debate was printed in full in "The Worker" of February 2, and while Mr. Hillquit's exposition of Socialism—Social-Democracy—was as poor as Prof. Schurman's defense of Individualism—Capitalism—the latter's figures and Mr. Hillquit's reply bear on our subject.

The professor said:

"But, says the speaker, there has been a great change. It is the era of big production, social production, and capitalistic appropriation. Well, the use of abstract terms like those is very dangerous. Many a man becomes the slave of some abstract idea or theory because he has not worked it out logically or connected it with

the facts. What do you mean by the coming of big industries in this country, for instance, and displacing the individualistic system? Take our farms. I have before me some statistics on the subject. I have, Mr. Chairman, in general a good deal of skepticism about figures, unless I know where they come from and who got them up. These figures come from the United States Census. Furthermore, they were prepared for me by Professor Wilcox, of Cornell University, who, after Dr. North, was the statistical expert of the Census Bureau. That, I think, will guarantee the accuracy of these figures.

What do they tell about the farms of the United States? Ten million people in this country are engaged in farming. That makes one-third of the bread winners of the country. Do you find in the farms of the country an increasing tendency toward big scale production? (Voices: Yes, yes.)

I knew you would say that, some of you, because you assume it as a matter of course. But it is wrong. I knew you would say it, because your theory would be false unless something like that was true. But it is not true. Here are the facts: In 1890 there were in the United States, total farms east of the Mississippi River—I don't go beyond, where the arid country is—3,072,000. In 1900, 3,678,000. In the one case we will say in round numbers 3,000,000 and in the other case, 3,700,000. How many of these farms had 1,000 acres or more in 1890 and how many in 1900, respectively? In 1890 there were 14,708 of 1,000 acres or more. In 1900, although the total number of farms had increased by 600,000, only 10,000 had 1,000 acres or more. Or, putting it otherwise, for every farm of 1,000 acres or more in the United States in 1890 there were 209 farms smaller than that; whereas in 1900 there were 339 farms smaller than that. So far as farming is concerned, big-scale production is not operative but the opposite.

That provides for 10,000,000 of our people. I see no coming or sign of the coming of the Socialist state of Marx in that condition of things.

What about our manufacturing? Everybody knows what an important interest it is. Not as important as agriculture, of course, but still a very large number of people are engaged in it. One-fourth of all our bread-

winners are in "manufacturing and mechanical pursuits," as the census calls it. Now, how many of these enterprises do you think are big-scale production enterprises? Well, in the first place, we have 215,000 establishments of the hand-working grade—carpenters, blacksmiths, and the like—215,000 establishments. In the nature of things they are not susceptible of large-scale production. Your blacksmith shop, your carpenter shop, they stay as they are, small. Take, then, the manufacturers proper. How many of them employ an army of men? Well, here they are: There are 296,000 manufacturing establishments, excluding the 215,000 handworking establishments—in round numbers 300,000 manufacturing establishments. How many of these employ how many men? Well, here is the answer: Of the three hundred thousand, 41,000 have no employees at all, being run by their owners; 125,000 have from one to four employees; 79,000 have from five to twenty employees; 24,000 have from 21 to 51 employees; 11,000 have from 51 to 100 employees; 8,000 have from 100 to 250 employees; 2,800 have from 250 to 500 employees; 1,000 have from 500 to 1,000 employees; and 443 have over 1,000 employees. How many laborers were engaged in all these 300,000 manufacturing establishments? 4,700,000. How many of them were in establishments having over 500 persons? 800,000. Seventeen per cent. of all—one in six."

Figures are never very terrifying to a Social-Democrat, unless they have the party label on them; so Mr. Hillquit, instead of being crushed, replied as follows:

"I will come to the farmer. I will do Dr. Schurman the favor of following his method. I will, for a moment, become scientific myself, and go back to his census figures of 1890.

"In farming, he says, the process of development has not been toward big farms. Here I admit Dr. Schurman's contention. But on the farm, on the other hand, capitalist exploitation has grown tremendously. According to these very figures of 1890 fifty-three per cent. of all the farmers in this country had their farms on rent or under mortgage. The mortgaged indebtedness of the farmers was no less than $1,100,000,000. The American farmers surrendered annually the equivalent

of $100,000,000 of their products to an idle, money-lending class, in the shape of rent and interest."

He also quoted Prof. Walker as saying that, deducting rent and interest, the American former receives less than the average wage worker. Perhaps he does, but 47 per cent. of them, according to the "scholarly" Hillquit's own admission, *own* their own farms. Prof. Schurman in his reply stated that the mortgages were being paid off rapidly—perhaps not as rapidly as a defender of the present system would have us believe, so much so that in the nineties Cornell University had a million dollars invested in farm mortgages in Kansas at six per cent. To use Prof. Schurman's words, "We cannot invest a dollar there to-day. They themselves have become capitalists. They have paid off their debts."

It may not be good "form" for a revolutionist to take the word of a capitalist professor, but then I am not "class conscious," so my heterodoxy is pardonable; besides, defenders of the present system tell the truth now and then, "even as you and I."

Mr. Lawrence Call, speaking of concentration, says in his letter to "The Worker," issue of February 2, that the mortgage, bond and general indebtedness, public and private, in this country amounts to thirty billions of dollars; the estimated wealth of the nation being one hundred and seven billions, of which this thirty billions is a part. Mr. Call's mistake (and here we may again refer to Mr. Hillquit's statement that 53 per cent. of the farmers either rent or hold their farms under mortgage) seems to us to lie in this fact: Mortgages and bonds are to Mr. Call, and in fact to the majority of Social-Democrats, evidences of *poverty*, whereas bonds always, mortgages generally, are evidences of *wealth*. A case in point. A young friend of mine is tired of paying rent and at the same time has a little money to invest; he decides to buy a house; the one he selects costs $5,000; he puts up $500 and gives a mortgage on the house. The mortgagee needs money and gives a second mortgage. According to Mr. Call's reasoning my friend is in debt $4,500, and the house with two mortgages on it is a proof of dire poverty. Instead of which, my friend has a partnership arrangement with two other men and *owns* $500 in the house, which is

prosperity—for him, and not poverty. It's true, the occupant of the house is exploited in the shape of interest, to say nothing of rent, but the $500 earns (?) interest, as well as the balance of the money, but the point at issue remains as stated. Or, again, a farmer has a farm worth, let us say, $5,000. He borrows $1,000 on it *and invests it* in cattle, hogs, or new machinery, and gives a mortgage on his farm. That does not mean that he is poorer than he was; it means that he has improved his farm, and now he has a partner in his mortgagee.

Let us examine the bond question. The P. R. R. Co. has just issued fifty million dollars worth of new bonds. Is it not an evidence of wealth, an evidence that a large number of people believe in the earning capacity of that road, when such an immense sum of money can be raised? Some of the money will be stolen, no doubt, but the major portion of it will be spent *on the road.* But some will say, interest must be paid, and that is a tax on the future generation. Quite true, but it is not an evidence of wealth concentration; it is gambling on future profits and on the possibilities of exploitation of the workers—there are thousands of shareholders engaged in this form of exploitation.

The distributive trade is held up as an awful example. If there are any who believe that Wanamaker, Macy, Siegel & Cooper and the other large department stores are swallowing up the small shop keepers, let him walk along any street of New York. The avenues especially are lined with small stores and gutter merchants. Wherever one goes the small middle class man, that is *not* being crushed out, is to be seen. In the radical movement itself there are hundreds of them. Every shyster doctor, lawyer, dentist and other professional men, including Socialist editors, are speculators in real estate or other commercial enterprises, and they are multiplying.

It may and probably will be said that any attempt to prove that the number of property owners is increasing, is collaboration with the capitalists who are continually crying that this is the best of all possible worlds, and an increase in the number of well-to-do people proves it.

It may be as Mr. Simons, editor of "The International Socialist Review," said in a debate with Mr. Isaacs on this question: "Right or wrong, we mean to stick to it." That is not my doctrine, and in my humble opinion justice can never be obtained, even for the most worthy cause, by misrepresenting or ignoring facts. Far from being necessary, this attitude is positively harmful to the cause for which Socialists and Anarchists are working. If no other reason existed but the fact that two million children, between the age of 10—15 years are working in field, factory, mine and sweatshop in this country, we would have ample cause to abolish capitalism; but there are other and quite as important reasons. The abolition of capitalism is a herculean task, one not to be accomplished by pretending that capital is concentrating and that all we have to do is to sit and watch the large fish devour the small fry, as is being repeated week after week, month after month, year after year, and decade after decade. "We must seize the political power in our own hands and usher in the co-operative commonwealth by legislative enactment." No! such talk may do for "Statesmen," prosperous lawyers, doctors, contractors, editors and real estate speculators—Anarchist or Socialist—who can afford to wait for the glad time. Those who feast on the flesh pots of Egypt should at least not pretend to the starving Lazarus that everything is for the best, and that in due time the "divine law" of Marx will work out its way and emancipate the laboring men in spite of capitalism, in spite even of themselves. Read blue books and Census Bulletins, by all means; but analyze and differentiate as you read. If your soul does not rise above dollars, your Philistinism may be strengthened; if it can rise, you may become a revolutionist and strive for the establishment of a more just, humane and equitable form of society. The establishment of that society will not be brought about by voicing platitudes, by misrepresentation of facts or appeals to respectability; rather will it be brought about by an appeal, first, to the intelligence and then to the revolutionary instincts that are inherent in all of us. If that is done, and an intelligent minority of the people are awakened, the change will come. It will

certainly not come by preaching fatalism and inevitability. Capitalism is *not* destroying itself, and the sooner that fact is appreciated, the more intense and revolutionary will the entire Socialist movement become. Speed the time!

❦ ❦ ❦

A SOCIALIST EDITOR

By H. K.

> "If there are any more in our party who wish to counsel assassination, let them get out quickly and line up along with Emma Goldman, where they belong."—Apropos Moyer and Haywood, in *"The Worker,"* March 16th, 1907.

Certain good friends of ours, who happen to be Socialists, are eternally asking us why we do not bow to the inevitable and—work with the Socialists.

The "inevitable" in this case is the State-Socialist wave that is at present rising in the United States, and which will, in due course of time, carry us, willing or unwilling, into the Collectivist Utopia.

In the first place, we fail to see the "inevitable," in spite of the wave of pseudo-Socialism; in the second, we must decline to co-operate with people—however well-meaning they may be—who circulate such slanderous statements as the above quotation. Apparently, one may reasonably assume that a spirit of investigation, tolerance of another's opinions, and a due regard for truth in discussing the views of an opposing school of thought are among the qualifications necessary for the editorship of a Socialist paper. In reality, however, we find such an assumption quite ungrounded, as our quotation from *"The Worker"* proves.

Any man so ignorant or morally obtuse as to claim that Miss Emma Goldman—Mr. Editor of *"The Worker,"* Miss Emma Goldman, if you please—counsels assassination, is unfit to edit a paper which advocates the regeneration of society—the correctness of the regeneration process aside for the moment.

ANARCHISM

By the late HUGH O. PENTECOST.

From a lecture delivered in June, 1889.

GOOD people who hold opinions not commonly understood, generally have a bad name. The world is ready to believe almost anything of a man except that he is a genuinely good man. If his life is stainless but unconventional the world suspects some hidden shame or base motive. So far are most people from understanding or desiring what is true and right that the highest truth is often believed to be the lowest lie, and the purest right is looked upon as the blackest wrong.

Thus Jesus, who was the incarnation of earnest goodness, was said by the Pharisees to be possesed of a devil. That was because their own souls were so false that their moral vision was distorted. They looked upon goodness and thought it was badness. Thus also the early Christians were accused of indulging in lecherous orgies, when in reality they were living lives of great purity. It was only that they held unpopular doctrines; doctrines which most people did not, perhaps could not, understand. Many persons know their own selfishness, deceitfulness and greediness, and they cannot understand that there may be others who are unselfish, frank and generous.

Now, all this applies to the people in our midst who are commonly called Anarchists. They are looked upon as a bloodthirsty set of murderers who desire to destroy society in order to reap a little gain from pillage among the ruins. To call a man an Anarchist to-day is to heap as much disgrace upon him as it was to call a man a Christian in the first century or an Abolitionist before the war.

Few of us realize that Jesus was arrested, flung into jail and hanged with the odium of the community attached to him just as it attached to the men who were recently hanged in Chicago. But such was the case. Art and religion have made the hanging of Jesus a very splendid affair. But in reality it was a much less important matter when it happened than the Chicago hanging.

He was probably dragged into what we would now call a police court, put through some sort of rough trial and hanged, as a common tramp, whom society wished to get rid of, would now be hanged.

There is a man going through the Southern States now, claiming to be Jesus Christ come to earth again. The negroes are following him to some extent. The despatches of last week say that the police authorities are trying to arrest him. They have evidently offered him money in order to establish the charge of vagrancy against him, because the despatches say he will not take money publicly. But they say he gets along somehow or other, and "it is feared"—that is the language of the despatch—that he cannot be arrested as a vagrant.

Now, here is a man doing just what Jesus Christ did. He is poor. He has gathered a few disciples. He is going from place to place preaching. He is not trying to make money. There is nothing against his character. He seems to be a good man. And the police, backed up, of course, by all the respectable people, are trying to find an excuse to arrest the man and throw him into prison. And they will find the excuse yet, no doubt, because society has no use for a poor man who has ideas that he will not suppress nor sell for money. A rich man can think as he likes and live as he likes. A millionaire may be an Infidel, a Socialist, an Anarchist, or a Free Lover and society only smiles and calls him eccentric. Society likes him rather better for his oddities, but if a poor man thinks out of the orthodox grooves and acts a little differently from other people, it will go hard wtih him, especially if he happens to be a very high-minded, pure and good man.

What I started to say is that Jesus Christ was, in his day, in about the same relation to society that this poor man down South, who thinks he is imitating him, is in. He was in about the same relation to society that an Anarchist is now. That is to say, he taught about the same doctrines that the Anarchists do, and was about as badly hated and persecuted by society as the Anarchists now are.

An Anarchist was drawn to serve on a jury the other day in Chicago, and when he was examined as to his fitness to serve, he said he did not believe in punishing

people by law. He believed in preventing people from becoming criminals. The judge asked him if he would vote to sentence the prisoner if he should be found to be guilty of violating the statute law. The Anarchist said he thought he would not. "Officer, take this man to jail and let him stay there till morning," said the judge. This is as the newspapers reported the occurrence, and it is about what would have happened if Jesus Christ had been before that judge.

Now, it is a curious thing that the Christian world worships Jesus and persecutes the only people who believe in his teachings. And yet it isn't very curious either, because the Christian world does not pretend to believe in what Jesus taught. There is probably not one minister in this city who believes that the Golden Rule will work, or that it is wise not to take careful, anxious thought for the morrow, or that the strongest force that can be used is to return good for evil, is to speak the truth and take the consequences, not resisting when physical force is used.

It costs a good deal to worship Jesus, I admit, but it doesn't cost anything like what it does to follow his teaching; and that is, no doubt, one of the reasons why so many people worship him and at the same time persecute the few people who teach about what he taught.

It is often said that Jesus was a Socialist. That is true, but he was not a governmental Socialist, or what is commonly called a State Socialist. He was more like what would now be called a Communist—an Anarchistic-Communist. I suppose it sounds rather strangely to say so, but I think that in so far as Jesus had any social views they were very close to those of John Most, except that Herr Most believes in using physical force to bring his ideas into practice and Jesus did not.*

Jesus seemed to think that all persons should enjoy their property in common, governed by no law, except that each should do to the others what he would wish them to do to him. I don't think he ever carried the idea out to include a whole city or a whole nation. He seemed to think that groups of people should live in that

---

* On the contrary; it appears from the biblical account of the temple-scene that the Nazarene used violence against the money-changers.—Ed.

way, submitting to the laws of the State, just or unjust, quietly and peaceably. But when his idea is carried out it becomes Communistic-Anarchism; so that the two most hateful words in the English language describe almost exactly the manner in which the nominal founder of the Christian Church taught us that we should live in our social relations.

Ah, my friends; this is a queer world. We worship men who said and did certain things long, long ago, but we persecute and slay the men who say and do substantially the same things to-day. It is a queer world, isn't it?

It is very difficult to define Anarchism and to tell you just what the Anarchists want, but the reason why it is difficult is because Anarchism is such a simple science and the Anarchists want just what the laws of the universe would give us if we should obey them in all things. Anarchism is something that you have to understand just as you understand love. It is not a theory; it is not a system. Therefore it is very difficult to explain. What is love? It is something that I feel, that moves me, that gives me joy, that tends to keep me pure and good. It is something that I experience toward this person and not that. I love my wife not because she is beautiful, or homely or bright or dull or tall or short; and I love my friend not because he has this that or the other. In both cases it is because there is something in my wife and my friend that awakens my love. But I cannot explain my love to you. I can only say: "Were you ever in love? Then you know what love is."

Now Anarchy is something so natural and so simple that it cannot be defined. Do you understand what natural law means? Do you know what I mean by the order of the universe? Do you understand what is meant by human nature? Well, Anarchism means to live in accordance with the laws of the universe in general and of human nature in particular. But, you see, if you do not know what it means to live according to natural law you cannot understand what Anarchism is. Just as if you have never been in love you cannot understand what love is by any amount of explaining.

No doubt, many persons will be greatly surprised to hear me say this, because the common idea is that Anar-

chists wish to destroy society with dynamite. It is perfectly true that there are many Anarchists who believe that a bloody revolution is impending and that it will be their duty to use that revolution for all that it is worth to establish the new and better order. And it is true that some Anarchists believe that society can only be redeemed by succesive revolutions; much on the principle that was observed at Johnstown when they blew up the mass of débris at the railroad bridge. Trees, houses, locomotives and other things were jammed in there so tightly that nothing but an explosion could loosen them. And so some Anarchists think that Society is now so crystallized into wrong forms that nothing but a revolution can bring any change for the better.

But you make a great mistake if you think of these men as cutthroats and assassins. They are just such true patriots as Washington, and Warren, and Marion, and the rest of our noble "traitors" and "rebels" were a hundred years ago. Washington once put his fingers about his neck, in the dark days of the revolution, and said: "I wonder how it would feel to have a rope around that?" We get so dazzled with the glories of our past that we forget that all our heroes would have been hanged just as we hang the Anarchist heroes if they hadn't succeeded in their revolution.

But the revolutionary part of the Anarchist scheme is wholly incidental. I don't believe in that part of it, although I do not know but that good does sometimes result from the use of physical force. But, of course, if a man takes up arms against the Government he knows what he must expect: If he succeeds he will be a crowned hero, if he fails he will be a hanged criminal. He who takes up the sword cannot complain if he perishes by the sword.

Anarchism, however, does not involve forceful revolution, it certainly does not involve that the Anarchists shall incite or carry on the revolution. Anarchism means what I have said: living under natural law instead of statute law. When it is said that Anarchists wish to abolish law and government, it is perfectly true in the sense that they wish to establish natural law and human fraternity in place of statute law and the organized injustice that we now call government.

But it may be asked, if Anarchism is so manifestly just and right, why does not everybody believe in it? Because very few people understand what it means. I have a friend who is an Anarchist and who writes upon the subject a great deal, but he never calls himself an Anarchist. He says he prefers to call himself a Christian, because there is less prejudice against the name, and pure Christianity and pure Anarchy are the same thing. Good people are reading this man's writing from week to week—people who abhor the name of Anarchism—and because he calls what he writes Christianity they think it very high and pure doctrine, which it is. But if he called it Anarchism, they wouldn't read a word of it.

As I said a few minutes ago: This is a queer world.

And then, too, few persons are Anarchists because few persons believe that their God knows as much as the legislature or the common council. It is just as I told you. Jesus is good enough to worship, but he knew nothing about business. At least so the average Christian thinks. And with the average Christian, religion is one thing and business is quite another. Most people think that God knows how to run the universe in general, but it takes Tammany Hall to run the city of New York, and the great and glorious legislature at Trenton to run the state of New Jersey, and the august conclave of piety and worldly wisdom that centres in Washington to run the United States. In other words, most people have no faith at all in natural law, notwithstanding the fact that it is perfectly apparent that no statute that ever was made can be enforced against natural law.

Most people think they can rob one another by law, by methods that have nice business names and then prevent the robbery that goes by the name of pocket-picking, burglary and the like. But they can't. Most people think that men can be made to pay their debts or their taxes by law. But they can't. Most people think that sobriety and morality can be enforced by law. But they can't. Most people think that when you bring an injustice into this world by law you can prevent its being followed by its natural consequences by another law. But you can't.

When you allow men to own land that they will not use, thus crowding some one else off who needs it and would use it; when you allow men to say how much or how little money can circulate, thus making the products of labor cheap or dear as they please; when you make a law that restrains men from buying what they need where they please, or that restrains them from eating or drinking what, and where they please, you rob them and you unjustly oppress them. The natural consequence will be poverty and crime, and all your subsequent law cannot prevent those consequences.

❧ ❧ ❧

ON GOVERNMENT

Translated "from the Greek" by BOLTON HALL.

Plato, having laid a brick in the path, stood aside to see what might befall; the first man who stumbled over it said nothing, but went his way. "There," said the Philosopher, "is a Conservative Citizen, the backbone of our Institutions!"

The next one fell on his face, and railed upon the Tetrarch, but he also left the brick, and went on his way. "That is a Good Government man," said Plato. "He will one day found a Goo-Goo Club!"

The third also broke his shins, and, having called upon Plato, removed the brick from the path.

"That man," said Plato, "is a Reformer; he believes in doing 'ye nexte Thinge.'" Then Plato replaced the brick in the path.

But a certain man came along and when he had stubbed his toe, he took up the brick and hurled it at the Philosopher. "That," said Plato, as he dodged the brick, "is an Anarchist; he is dangerous to the Government."

MOTHER EARTH SUSTAINING FUND

As *Mother Earth* is not yet a paying enterprise, it will interest our readers to know that the Sustaining Fund is being used to make good the monthly deficit, which averages about seventy-five dollars. After paying for the March issue, wiping out the deficit covering the November, December, January and February issues of *Mother Earth,* and clearing part of the debt incurred by the magazine during the first months of its existence, there remains on hand $70.20.

We publish this information for the benefit of those who wish to help maintain the *Mother Earth* Sustaining Fund.

Receipts.

Previously acknowledged.....	$419.80	
N. N., Rochester, N. Y.....	1.00	
Proceeds from E. G.'s lectures in Cleveland	17.00	
Proceeds from E.G.'s lectures in Toronto	10.00	
Central Labor Union, Detroit.....	10.00	
L. Shnayerson, New York.....	1.00	
Dr. Chas. Andrews, New York.....	1.00	
M. Metzkow, Brooklyn.....	1.00	
James Poppers, Chicago.....	1.00	
C. L. Swain, Chicago.....	.50	
J. Eperin, Chicago.....	.50	
W. F. Barnard, Chicago.....	2.00	
Dr. J. M. Greer, Chicago.....	5.00	
From E. G. meetings arranged by the Chicago Edelstadt Group.....	55.00	
Danish Socialist Club meeting, Chicago.	6.00	
Social Science League meeting, Chicago.	32.00	
Social Science League Entertainment for the benefit of *Mother Earth*....	15.00	
Proceeds from E. G.'s lecture at the Frauen-Verein "Fortschritt," Chicago	10.00	
Proceeds from E. G.'s lecture in Milwaukee	13.00	
		$600.80

Expenditures

March *Mother Earth,* cost of printing, mailing and postage included.....	$152.00
Deficit, covering Nov., Dec., Jan. and Feb. issues	303.60
Part payment of debt incurred by *Mother Earth,* March—Sept., 1906.....	75.00
	$530.60
Balance on hand.....	$70.20

ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

TO MY FRIENDS

I have quit my business.

Perhaps I owe you an explanation; I am sure I owe it to myself.

My original plan did not include exploitation. I intended to do all the necessary work myself, wishing to be neither exploiter nor exploited. The intense competition in the printing trade, however, plus union conditions, which do not permit the compositor to perform pressman's work, soon convinced me that my plan was not feasible.

The employment of a pressman at union wages necessitated the enlargement of the business, involving the usual business methods, etc. In short, I stood before the alternative of sacrificing either my principles or my business.

I quit the business.

I feel as if I were released from prison again.

ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

Box 47, Station D, New York.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

FRANCE.

On the 17th of February the police of Granges made a descent on the dwelling of Comrade Genin, captured a package of the "Voix du Peuple," a collection of pamphlets and a file of "Les Temps Nouveaux," and made off with them. Such is freedom of opinion under the Clémenceau-Briand-Vivioni liberal-socialist administration!

Louis Grandidier has been released, having received a three months' commutation of sentence. His health, however, is much broken down and he is in no condition to resume work.

Last month was reported the action of the police in closing the hall engaged by the colony of Saint Germain for a meeting; the colonists retorted by calling for a meeting on their own premises. We are pleased to read in the "Libertaire" of February 17th, that on this occasion the police, being minded to interfere, changed their minds. An exceedingly lively meeting was held, after which the assemblage poured out and marched towards the city. The commissary endeavored to stop it, but the crowd "caressed the backs of the police a little," and the latter concluded to accompany "peacefully." Then the commissary said he would allow them to go as far as the station, but the comrades insisted on marching through the town and distributing leaflets. The police went along quietly. The prefect had "sat on" the commissary and told him to let the march alone. "Ah," he exclaimed, "if I were prefect!"

The following week a party of soldiers endeavored to intimidate the Saint Germainists by coming on to the premises and doing some indiscriminate wild-firing. The comrades ordered them off. The commander's answer was a request for a cartridge to "shoot one down." "Unfortunately," writes the reporter, "he was not dealing with Tolstoians." A comrade ran for a revolver, whereupon the bluffers ran away. "The moral of the story is that a few energetic persons during street processions are all that is necessary to put police and military to flight."

The fever of colonizing seems to be somewhat on the wane since the failure of the colony of Vaux, which has given rise to a rather acrimonious discussion.

Nevertheless a new monthly journal, *"L'Entr'aide"* (Mutual Aid), is published at Lille. The first number appeared in March. It is essentially devoted to communistic experiment.

GERMANY.

The issue of *"Der Freie Arbeiter"* of February 23d, a special anti-militarist number, strikingly illustrated, was confiscated by the police. However, the comrades had been so forehanded that only 44 copies remained in the office when the police made their raid. Later they captured 2,000 copies. The editors observe: "This is deplorable; but still, taking into consideration that 15,000 copies were issued, not so bad as it might be." Searches followed all over the country, of course, with some arrests. Prisoners were released after a detention of a week or so.

On the first of March the case of Carl Sauter, editor of *"Der Revolutionär,"* was called before the Berlin court; with him were cited to appear Arthur Malycha and a certain Peter Schauf, a shoemaker, charged with having assisted in the distribution of seditious matter. Malycha had disappeared, however, before the State could lay hold of him. Schauf cut a most miserable figure, pitiably lamenting to the court that had he had any knowledge of the contents of the books ("International Song-book" and the "Soldier's Breviary"), he would not have assisted in their distribution; that he was firmly resolved to return to the bosom of the Catholic Church and forswear all anarchistic associates in future. As his reward he received a three months' sentence. Sauter was sentenced for a year, technically, for having circulated "Blasphemy," "Incitement to murder of the nobility, to High Treason, to Dynamiting, to Desertion, to Military Disobedience"; really for being an anarchist and a man.

"Der Revolutionär" of March 9th was also confiscated; motive: an article entitled "Expropriation. The Tactics of the Russian Anarchists."

DENMARK.

In Copenhagen a new paper, *"Anarchisten"* (The Anarchist), is being published. This is the first Scandinavian Anarchist paper to appear since the death of Kristofer Hansleen. Address: J. Mortensen, Copenhagen, Rorholmsgade 21, 2 t. h.

SWEDEN.

On January 18th Albert Jensen, imprisoned for a year for anti-militarist agitation, was released. His protest was made at the moment when party hatred had almost fanned to flame a war between Norway and Sweden. "What," cried Jensen, "fight with Norway? Our enemies the Norwegian workers?! Our brothers, who gave us their right hands in our strike! Thank them thus for their solidarity! Never can it be. War-smitten comrades, do not go out at the call for mobilization. Refuse to enlist under the flag." Fifty thousand copies of this appeal did their work. And Jensen suffered.

HOLLAND.

It is about decided that the International Anarchist Congress will be held in Amsterdam, probably in August. Thus far propositions for discussion are: Reports of Anarchism in the Unions; Anarchism and the Religious Spirit; the Formation of an International Libertarian Organization. The London comrades propose that none but Anarchist-Unionists be admitted to the Congress; the Belgian groups demand that all participants be in favor of organization. Special appeal is made for the financial support of "Le Bulletin Internationale Libertaire," the organ of the conference, in which final dates and news of the same will be given. Send contributions to G. Thonar, 97 rue Laixheau, Herstal, Belgium.

BELGIUM.

For the third time within two years "L'Action Directe" is being prosecuted. It is the organ of the Federation of Labor, and, as the name suggests, advocates the action of the workers themselves as opposed to the political action. Four of the workers on the paper were arrested. The very copy which was being set up was taken out

of the compositors' hands. Nevertheless the paper came out on time, and declares it will continue to do so. As the majority of the active workers of the Federation will, in consequence of the above prosecution, be in prison shortly, the conference of the said Federation, which was to have been held May 19-20, will have to be postponed until September.

SWITZERLAND.

On February 12th a congress of the Workers' Unions of Roman Switzerland was held at Neufchâtel at which the Presidency of the organization was tendered to L. Bertoni, as a protest against the recent decree of expulsion against him, and also Philip Mischler, now serving his eight months' sentence for anti-militarist agitation.

The Marble and Stone-cutters' Union of Vevey has withdrawn from the National Federation for the following reason: One of their members was arrested; his wife, mother, and seven children were thereby made destitute. After four months they appealed to the Federation for help and were refused on the ground that the man was held because of his anarchistic tendencies. The Vevey Union sent a protest to the effect that every member had a right to his opinions. The protest was thrown in the waste basket. The Local then withdrew.

ITALY.

"Il Libertario" is a new Italian Anarchist-Socialist publication was suspended on the 20th of October last by order of the Italian authorities, has reappeared. Cassella postale 1123, Milan.

PORTUGAL.

The anarchist paper *"A Vida"* (Life) has resumed publication under better conditions.

A new weekly, *"A Conquista do Pao"* (The Conquest of Bread), was to have appeared on the 17th of March at Lisbon. We have not yet received it, but its appearance was assured.

ARGENTINE.

"La Giustizia" (Justice), formerly published at Montevideo, has been removed to Buenos Ayres.

AT THE END OF THE ALLEY

IT is a long narrow pocket opening on a little street which runs like a tortuous seam up and down the city, over there. It was at the end of the summer; and in summer, in the evening, the mouth of the pocket is hard to find, because of the people, in it and about, who sit across the passage, gasping at the dirty winds that come loafing down the street like crafty beggars seeking a hole to sleep in—like mean beggars, bereft of the spirit of free windhood. Down in the pocket itself the air is quite dead; one feels oneself enveloped in a scum-covered pool of it, and at every breath long filaments of invisible roots, swamp-roots, tear and tangle in your floundering lungs.

I had to go to the very end, to the bottom of the pocket. There in the deepest of these alley holes lives the woman to whom I am indebted for the whiteness of this waist I wear. How she does it, I don't know; poverty works miracles like that, just as the black marsh mud gives out lilies.

At the very last door I knocked, and presently a man's voice, weak and suffocated, called from a window above. I explained.—"There's a chair there; sit down. She'll be home soon." And the voice was caught in a cough. This, then, was the consumptive husband she had told me of! I looked up at the square hole dimly outlined in the darkness, whence the cough issued, and suddenly felt a horrible pressure at my heart and a curious sense of entanglement, as if all the invisible webs of disease had suddenly acquired a conscious sense of prey within their clutch, and tightened on it like an octopus. The haunting terror of the unknown, the dim horror of an inimic Presence, recoil before the merciless creeping and floating of an enemy one cannot grasp or fight, repulsive turning from a Thing that has reached behind while you have been seeking to face it, that is there awaiting you with the frightful ironic laughter of the Silence—all this swept round and through me as I stared up through the night.

Up there on the bed he was lying, he who had been meshed in the fatal web for three long years—and was struggling still! In the darkness I felt his breath draw.

The sharp barking of a dog came as a relief. I turned to the broken chair, and sat down to wait. The alley was hemmed in by a high wall, and from the farther side of it there towered up four magnificent old trees, whose great crowns sent down a whispering legend of vanished forests and the limitless sweep of clean air that had washed through them, long ago, and that would never come again. How long, how long since those far days of purity, before the plague spot of Man had crept upon them! How strong those proud old giants were that had not yet been strangled! How beautiful they were! How mean and ugly were the misshapen things that sat in the doorways of the foul dens that they had made, chattering, chattering, as ages ago the apes had chattered in the forest! What curious beasts they were, with their paws and heads sticking out of the coverings they have twisted round their bodies—chattering, chattering always, and always moving about, unable to understand the still strong growths of silence.

So a half hour passed.

At last I saw a parting in the group of bodies across the entrance of the pocket, and a familiar weary figure carrying a basket coming down the brickway. She stopped half way where a widening of the alley furnished the common drying place, and a number of clothes lines crossed and recrossed each other, casting a net of shadows on the pavement; after a glance at the sky, which had clouded over, she sighed heavily and again advanced. In the sickly light of the alley lamp the rounded shoulders seemed to droop like an old crone's. Yet the woman was still young. That she might not be startled, I called "Good evening."

The answer was spoken in that tone of forced cheerfulness which the wretched always give to their employers; but she sank upon the step with the habitual "My, but I'm glad to sit down," of one who seldom sits.

"Tired out, I suppose. The day has been so hot."

"Yes, and I've got to go to work and iron again till eleven o'clock, and it's awful hot in that kitchen. I don't mind the washing so much in summer; I wash out here. But it's hot ironing. Are you in a hurry?"

I said no and sat down. "How much rent do you pay?" I asked.

"Seven dollars."

"Three rooms?"

"Yes."

"One over the other?"

"Yes. It's an awful rent, and he won't fix anything. The door is half off its hinges, and the paper is a sight."

"Have you lived here long?"

"Over three years. We moved here before he got sick. I don't keep nothing right now, but it used to be nice. It's so quiet back here away from the street; you don't hear no noise. That fence ought to be whitewashed. I used to keep it white, and everything clean. And it was so nice to sit out here in summer under them trees. You could just think you were in the park."

A curious wonder went through me. Somewhere back in me a voice was saying, "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not it shall be taken away even that which he hath." This horrible pool had been "nice" to her! Again I felt the abyss seizing me with its tentacles, and high overhead in the tree-crowns I seemed to hear a spectral mockery of laughter.

"Yes," I forced myself to say, "they are splendid trees. I wonder they have lived so long."

"'Tis funny, aint it? That's a great big yard in there; the man that used to own it was a gardener, and there's a lot of the curiousest flowers there yet. But he's dead now, and the folks that's got it don't keep up nothing. They're waiting to sell it, I suppose."

Above over head the racking cough sounded again. "Aint it terrible?" she murmured. "Day and night, day and night; he don't get no rest, and neither do I. It's no wonder some people commits suicide."

"Does he ever speak of it?" I asked. Her voice dropped to a semi-whisper. "Not now so much, since the church peoples got hold of him. He used to: I think he'd a done it if it hadn't been for them. But they've been kind o' talkin' to him lately, and tellin' him it wouldn't be right,—on account of the insurance, you know."

My heart gave a wild bound of revolt and I shut my teeth fast. O man, man, what have you made of yourself! More stupid than all the beasts of the earth, for a

dole of the things you make to be robbed of, living,—to be robbed of and poisoned with—you consent to the death that eats with a million mouths, eats inexorably. You submit to unnamable torture in the holy name of—Insurance! And in the name of Insurance this miserable woman keeps alive the bones of a man!

I took my bundle and went. And all the way I felt myself tearing through the tendrils of death that hung and swayed from the noisome wall, and caught at things as they passed. And all the way there pressed upon me pictures of the skeleton and the woman, clothed in firm flesh, young and joyous, and thrilling with the love of the well and strong. Ah, if some one had said to her then, "Some day you will slave to keep him alive through fruitless agonies, that for your last reward you may take the price of his pain!"

Send 10c. for Sample Copy $1.00 a Year

TO-MORROW MAGAZINE

No creed but FAITH in the power of the World to regulate and reform itself.

No policy or formula of progress, save *Freedom*—freedom to be wise, good, wicked, or foolish.

Extracts from January "To-Morrow":

You talk of freedom—you are all afraid of freedom—your intellect is all awry with the thought that someone ought to control you—that you ought to control others—you are despots masquerading.

In the face of every evidence to the contrary, mankind has gradually grown to believe in external control rather than internal balance, as a means of keeping each other straight.—Sercombe Himself.

There was a man once, a satirist. In time, his friends slew him and he died, and when they were all gathered about his open coffin, one of them said, "Why, he treated the whole world like a football, and he kicked it." The corpse opened one eye—"Yes! I kicked it, but always toward the goal," he said.—Martin Martens.

TO-MORROW PUBLISHING CO., 2203 Calumet Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

Kneipp Cure Bath Establishment

621 Bushwick Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Electric Loh-Tanin Baths For Chronic Rheumatism, Nerve Strengthening, Blood Purifying And for Paralysis

Herb, Electric, Sulphur, Steam, Cold & Warm Baths
Nauheim Baths (Kohlensaure Wellenbäder)

Separate Entrance for Ladies

CURT W. BRETOW, Chiropodist—Naturopath

EVERYBODY USES

COLUMBIA TEA

S. ZECHNOWITZ, 193 Division Street, New York

Country Orders Promptly Attended

"Freedom"

A Journal of Anarchist Communism Monthly

3c per Copy, 36c per Year

127 Ossulston Street
LONDON, N. W., England

Also through the office of "Mother Earth"

H. ELENBOGEN J. SPIELMANN

THE INTERNATIONAL BOOKBINDING CO.

Check-Books, Numbering, Perforating, Blank-Books, Etc.

97 ELEVENTH STREET
CHICAGO, ILL.

Manufacturing of LooseLeaf Devices a Specialty

TELEPHONE, HALSTED 760

Comrades, make Subscribers for

Cronaca Sovversiva

Italian Anarchist Weekly

$1.00 per Year 50c. per Six Months

Box I, Barre, Vt.

"Freiheit"

Published by the

Freiheit Publishing Association

Editor: MAX BAGINSKI

P. O. Box 1719

5 Cts. per Copy, $2.00 per Year

Russian Popular Songs

Translated into English by

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

A Beautiful Addition to One's Library

25c. per Copy

To be had through "Mother Earth"; also through the R. S. R. Club, 205 E. Broadway, N. Y.

"Common Sense"

The great Socialist Weekly of the South West.

One year . . . . . **50 cents**
Six months . . . . **25 cents**

COMMON SENSE PUB. CO.
Send for Sample. **Los Angeles, Cal.**

Jefferson Preparatory School

185 HENRY STREET, NEW YORK

"A Progressive and Successful School"

REGENTS, CIVIL SERVICE AND COLLEGIATE COURSES

Special Classes in English

All Classes Carefully Graded | Personal Attention Given to Every Pupil

Classes Open to Beginners as Well as to Advanced Pupils

SAMUEL FRIEDWALD, Principal

JUST PUBLISHED

The Masters of Life

By MAXIM GORKY

Translated from the Original by M. ZASLAW

A BEAUTIFULLY GOTTEN UP PAMPHLET

Price, 10 Cents

ALSO

The Criminal Anarchy Law

Analyzed by a Prominent New York Lawyer

and

On Suppressing the Advocacy of Crime

A Lecture by THEODORE SCHROEDER

Price, 5 Cents

MOTHER EARTH PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

210 East 13th Street, New York

FOR CHICAGO

The Social Science League

Meets every Sunday, 8 P. M., Room 412, Masonic Temple

We recommend and endorse EMMA GOLDMAN'S Magazine

"Mother Earth" - - - ***$1.00 a Year***

"The Demonstrator" - - ***50 Cts. a Year***

Published twice a month

"The Emancipator" - - ***50 Cts. a Year***

International Book Store

Established 1892 — A. Wasserman, Proprietor

Works of Oscar Wilde

The Picture of Dorian Gray.	Cloth, $1.50;	by mail,	$1.62
Intentions - - - - - -	$1.50;	" "	$1.62
Decorative Art in America - -	$1.50;	" "	$1.62
Epigrams and Aphorisms.	Reg. price $1.50; my price $1.08;	" "	$1.20
De Profundis - - - - -	$1.25;	" "	$1.30
Salome, A Tragedy.	Reg. $1.00; my price 72c;	" "	77c
The Wisdom of Oscar Wilde -	$1.00;	" "	$1.05

45 Clinton St., Bet. Stanton and Rivington Sts., New York City

WILLIAM SIEGMEISTER'S DRUG STORES

423 GRAND STREET, Cor. Attorney | 257 BROOME STREET, Cor. Orchard

NEW YORK

Dr. Martin Rasnick's
NEW DENTAL OFFICE
AT
190 CLINTON ST.
near Divison St.
NEW YORK
Telephone, 2554 Orchard

Conscientious Treatment Guaranteed

Careful attention given to all Prescriptions filled at

Dr. S. HARKAVY'S
3 DRUG STORES
256 CHERRY ST., cor. Jackson
193 BROOME ST., cor. Suffolk
436 CHERRY ST., cor. Rutgers

ISIDOR YOG
Photographer

Photos Copied and Enlarged
in Oil or Crayon

212 East Houston Street

Bet. First Ave. & Ave. A
NEW YORK

JOSEPH ROSENBERG

...Custom Tailor...

Suits made to order, $16.00 up
Pants to order . . . 3.50 up

ALSO

Cleaning, Repairing & Pressing
done at the lowest prices

310 E. 89th Street

Bet. 1st & 2d Aves., N. Y.

HARRY FEINGOLD'S
Cafe and Restaurant

Member of Br. 39 A. R.

Tasteful Dishes; Pleasant Company
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT
H. FEINGOLD, 45 FORSYTH ST., NEW YORK

MEETINGS

Brooklyn Philosophical Association. Meets every Sunday, 3 P. M., at Long Island Business College, 143 S. 8th Street.

Manhattan Library Club
Meets every Friday, 8 P. M., at German Masonic Hall, 220 East 15th Street.

Harlem Liberal Alliance
Every Friday, 8 P. M., at Fraternity Hall, 100 W. 116th Street, cor. Lenox.

Liberal Art Society. Meets every Friday, 8.30 P. M., at Terrace Lyceum, 206 East Broadway.

"Mother Earth"

For Sale at all the
above mentioned places

10 Cents a Copy
One Dollar a Year

Books to be had through Mother Earth

The Doukhobors: Their History in Russia; Their Migration to Canada. By Joseph Elkins.....$2.00

Moribund Society and Anarchism. By Jean Grave..25c.

Education and Heredity. By J. M. Guyau.....$1.25

A Sketch of Morality—Independent of Obligation and Sanction. By J. M. Guyau.....$1.00

American Communities: New and Old Communistic, Semi-Communistic, and Co-Operative. By W. A. Hinds.....$1.00

History of the French Revolution. (An excellent work for students. It begins with a sketch of history of the earliest times; the decline of the ancient empires, the rise of the French monarchy, and traces the causes which made the Revolution inevitable. The philosophic conclusion is unsurpassed, and the position taken, laying a foundation for the philosophy of freedom, is bound to attract the attention of thinkers.) By C. L. James. Reduced to.....50c.

Origin of Anarchism. By C. L. James.....5c.

Fields, Factories, and Workshops. By Peter Kropotkin .....50c.

Mutual Aid: A Factor of Evolution. By Peter Kropotkin. Reduced to $1.20

Memoirs of a Revolutionist. By Peter Kropotkin. Reduced to $1.60

Modern Science and Anarchism. By Peter Kropotkin..25c.

Ideals of Russian Literature. By Peter Kropotkin....$2.00

The State: Its Rôle in History. By Peter Kropotkin.....10c.

Anarchism: Its Philosophy and Ideal. By Peter Kropotkin..5c.

The Wage System. By P. Kropotkin.....5c.

History of Civilization in England. By Henry Thomas Buckle $2.00

England's Ideal and other Papers on Social Subjects. By Ed. Carpenter $1.00

Civilization: Its Cause and Cure. By Ed. Carpenter.....$1.00

Love's Coming of Age. By Ed. Carpenter.....$1.00

Towards Democracy. By Ed. Carpenter.....$2.50

Freedom of the Press and Obscene Literature. Three essays. By Theodore Schroeder..... 25c.